

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Zounds, heere's the Lord of the soyle: Stand villaine, thou wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand Crownes for my head: but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Estridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

*Eyden.* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee? Ist not enough that thou hast broke my hedges, And enter'd into my ground, without the leaue of me the owner But thou wilt braue me too.

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme. Looke on me well, I haue eate no meat this fūe daies, yet if do not leaue thee and thy fūe men as dead as a dore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it shall neuer be said whilst the world stands, That *Alexander Eyden* an Esquire of Kent, Tooke oddes to combate with a famisht man. Looke on me, my limbes are equall vnto thine, And euery way as bigge: then hand to hand Ile combat with thee. Sirra, fetch me weapons, And stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-bon'd churl into chines of beefe, I would thou mightst fall into some Smiths hand, and be turn'd to hobnails.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

*They fight, and Cade falls downe.*

*Cade.* Oh Villaine, thou hast slaine the flower of Kent for chivalry, but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fūe dayes, and ile fight with you all. And so a poxe rot thee, for Iacke Cade must dye.

*Eyden.* Iacke Cade: And was this that monstrous rebel which I haue slaine?

Oh sword, ile honour thee for this, and in my chamber Shalt thou hang as a monument to after age, For this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword Cut off his head, and beare it to the King.

*Exit.  
Enter*

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and Soldiours.*

*Yorke.* In armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine, Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre, To entertaine faire Englands royall King.

Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham,*

But soft, who comes heere, Buckingham, what newes with him?

*Buck.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare:

What comes thou in loue, or as a Messenger?

*Buck.* I come as a Messenger frō our dread Lord & soueraigne, Henry. To know the reason of these armes in peace?

Or that thou being a subiect as I am, Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spread, Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A subiect as he is!

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect tearmes, But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes, Who now in Armes expect their fathers fight, And not farre hence I know they cannot be.

*Humphrey Duke of Buckingham,* pardon me, That I answer'd not at first, my minde was troubled, I came to remoue that monstrous rebell *Cade*, And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court, That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

*Buck.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe, But if it be no otherwise then so, The King doth pardon thee, and grantst to thy request, And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buck.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

*Yorke.* Then before thy face, I heere dismisse my troopes, Sirs, meete me to morrow in Saint Georges fields, And there you shall receiue your pay of me.

*Exit Soldiours.*

*Buck.* Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake vnto the King, But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

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*Enter*